

est root,
grow into love-deeds, filling the
sack
Santa Claus helps him to hold
on his back.
eyes, how they'll twinkle. His voice
will be merry.
heart will be giving,—but filled, oh,
yes, very—
I feel that dear Santa is making
him know
each Christmas errand is helping
him grow
spirit of Santa Claus deep under-
neath
it circles his head like a big halo
wreath.
I visit the hungry, till each little
belly
I be filled up with goodies and
candies and jelly.
I ask him "Who's Santa, the jolly
old Elf?"
I laugh and will say to you, "Why,
He's Myself!"
I wink in his eye, and the twist of
of his head
I soon let you know that you've
nothing to dread.
he'll speak not a word, but go
straight to work
I fill all the stockings,—then turn
with a jerk
I laying his finger aside of his nose
I'll tell you—now—what do you sup-
pose?
at his doubts all are flown, like the
down of a thistle.
I while we are waiting, we'll oft hear
his whistle.
I Santa is coming, though he's not
in sight.
I's coming!—to make Christmas happy
and right.
—OLIVE ALLEN ROBERTSON.
Hartford.

Mrs. Olive Allen Robertson, in sub-
stituting the above, makes the following
note:
"The poem, 'Twas the Night Before
Christmas,' so treasured in each child's
emory, was written by Clement Clarke
Moose, who was born July 15, 1779, and
died July 10, 1863. There are theorists
today who are questioning certain
childish beliefs. For those the accom-
panying lines are written, suggested by
Mr. Moore's poem."

Concerning the burning of the O'Hear
lock in Thompsonville, Monday, one
of the correspondents reported that "fire
headquarters is only a few hundred
feet from the O'Hear block, but the
blaze was burning merrily before the
alarm from Box 85 brought the firemen
to the scene," which indicates that
O'Hear is a misnomer.

Who said next year will be 1930?
The day's happenings from far and
near savor of something which the old-
sters vividly remember and which the
youngsters have read about in several
popular sellers. "William Gillette in
Sherlock Holmes." "Long, trailing
skirts are being worn." "Jekyll and
Hyde sought as slayer."

True, it is the beginning of a decade,
but which decade? As the girl said in
"The Grand Street Pollies" of two or
three years ago, "it is a little mauve."

The fathers were strong for the pur-
suit of happiness, but they got results
without speeding up to seventy.

It is estimated that the French have
sixty-four distinctive national habits,
not counting Briand.

rose sky:—
A world unknown, floating in spheres
unscanned.
To us but Beauty, sweet, serene and
high.
Smiling across a swiftly darkening
land.
And souls have suffered, loved and wept.
Since in Life's depths such worlds of
feeling lie,
Which yet, unscarred by all the storms,
have kept
The smile we catch, as we are pass-
ing by.
—ANNIE ELIOT TRUMBULL.

Dawn On the Margaree.
Soft, silver, shimmering, kindling glow—
Above the mountains, still asleep:
While river mists, like ghosts below
With muffled footsteps creep.

Now dawn like some pale acolyte
With pallid fingers goes about
Among the tapers of the night
And snuffs them out.

Then, soft, unlocks the dusky gates
Of darkness where, radiant, by the
world adored,
The fair Aurora, blushing, waits
Her lord—

Who mounts above the forest spire,
Swift riding on his flaming way
In golden chariot with his reins of fire.
Ave! Imperial day!
J. WARREN HARPER.
Margaree Forks
Cape Breton,
Oct. 1929.

In the Palace of the Moon.
To-night, the Sea
In a blue, brocaded gown.
Edged with old silver,
And bright with gems,
Is being presented
At the court,
Of the Moon.
To-night, the Sea,
Trailing foamy, dainty lace,
Is calm, dignified, regal,
As she makes her bow
To the King, and Queen,
In the shining palace,
Of the Moon.
—EDITH L. NICHOLS.
Knollwood, Conn.

Night.
Lights gleaming—
twinkling
eyes of the city,
friendly—unfriendly
darker patches
of hostile streets,
lurking—skulking—shadows
putt—putt—putt—
of softly running motors,
rumble—
rumble of traffic-
laden trucks,
(drivers with caps
pulled low on the side)
with milk—vegetables
or blacker—menacing
trucks without lights,
with boxes
labeled "produce"
and filled—with bottles.
—HIGGINS.

Pasture-land.
There white sheep lie and young
calves cry in acres of pink clover;
The beetle dines on wild-grape vines,
where orioles fly over.
The robin's song, heard all day long, as
old as Time's beginning,
Grows tiresome when the cherries come,
although his ways are winning.
A willow bough and rusty plow lie
twisted up together;
The scattered stones and dried pine
cones are warped and worn by
weather.
Beside a pool, pleasant and cool, a
watersnake is sleeping;
In warty tog, a spotted frog from lily-
pads is leaping.
Of bitten grass, and stumpy mass, the
pasture-land's cessation
Borders a brook, rolls to a nook, where
flowers praise Creation.
—ETHEL HAWLEY.

having "shown himself equal to every
emergency and capable of bearing any
responsibility placed up on him." "He
is", the governor wrote "a gentleman of
high reputation and unexceptionable
character, of untiring energy, whose
whole soul is engaged in overwhelming
the enemies of the government."
Hawley wrote, on March 4, acknowl-
edging the efforts in his behalf. He al-
so wrote vigorously concerning Con-
necticut politics. Perhaps nothing better
reveals the real Hawley, his courage
and his directness of action in im-
portant situations than this letter:
Fernandina, Fla.
March 4, 1863.

My dear Charley:
Your letter of Feb. 10th is eagerly
welcomed and thoroughly read. Thank
you most cordially for what you have
been doing about the brigadiership. I
copied all that you said and sent it to-
day to Gen. Terry. I know that Gen.
Hunter is favorably disposed toward
me and I have heard of his saying,
twice I believe, "I wish I had Col.
Hawley here," with reference to some
minor expedition or other; so that he
may possibly relieve us here and put
us into more active service. Still he
does not know very much of me; I be-
came better acquainted personally with
every other General—Sherman, Wright,
Gillmore, Stevens, Benham, Williams,
Mitchel (particularly Seymour and
Brannan than with Gen. H. (Stevens,
under whose eye I was at James Island
and who commanded us there is dead.)
Terry who saw nearly every step at
Pocotaligo is my old colonel and would
be considered partial. Mitchel who
treated me with the greatest kindness
and selected me for his first move (St.
John's Bluff, letting Brannan select
the other regiment, the 47th Pa.) and
who after Pocotaligo again talked most
freely and kindly, is dead.
Stevens mentioned the regiment very
handsomely though he didn't put it at
the head in his report of James Island.
Terry commended us at Pocotaligo. Gen.
Keyes did a most unusual thing, he par-
ticularly noticed me, a captain only, in
the body of his report of the first Bull
Run.

At Pulaski, I was under fire all but
the first 2½ hours. My turn on duty
came at 11 p. m. (the fire opened about
8 and I reached the batteries at 10½
and never left them till the white flag
went up.) I never have seen Gillmore's
full report of the siege but he, though
a good engineer is a bigoted regular and
I don't suppose he praised me. I was
"field officer of the trenches," having
charge of all guards, reserved infantry
forces, etc. etc., during the day. The
record of the regiment is full of com-
plimentary appointments to duty.

Four Times In Battle.
"I've been four times in regular bat-
tle besides many times under skirm-
ishing fire, etc., and have always
managed to keep a stiff upper lip
though sometimes "badly skinned," as
Capt. Hamilton of Sherman's battery
says he was. You have the right idea
precisely of the sort of semi-military,
semi-civil duty that my previous hab-
its and training would seem to fit me
for if I'm fit for anything.

We have here some sagacious old fel-
lows,—tax commissioners, etc., old resi-
dents of Florida and the leading one,
old Col. Sammis (three years in the
Indian War, which he thinks more our
fault, is on very good terms with me
and wishes that I would go to Jack-
sonville to rule there. I really believe that
I could make a decent military governor
of Florida.

But fiddlesticks, I'm happy at the
head of the Regiment and they'd fol-
low me into the very valley and shadows
of Death—at any rate they'll obey me
and go in. A general has no home and
family, no body of men that belong to
him, unless he has one brigade for a
long time, which he seldom can have.
Of my own motion, I would (not)
care a fig for promotion; I don't think
I'm fit for a regular campaigning, fight-
ing brigadier because I have not long
familiarity with maneuvering more than
one regiment at a time, though I'm
reading all the while. The chief induc-
ements to permitting promotion are
that it pleases my relatives and friends

fectly natural it is for Dixon and the
Courant and McClellanism generally to
try to hit me in the head. Poor devils!
their highest ideal is an office holder,
no matter how he got his place. There
is going to be a grand struggle in the
next congress; when I think of that I
feel an ache to be in it; honestly, that's
all I care about the placé, or the most
I care at any rate. I should like to
please my old daddy by getting in, but
he understands as well as you and I do
how a man can be honestly proud of not
getting elected sometimes.

By the next mail I'll write a letter for
publication to try and encourage and
spur up the folks a little. Sail in,
Charley, and thank God for the priv-
ilege of living in these days. Love to
Susie and the Hookers and Gillettes and
everybody else including the whole
Press Office.
Yours,
JOE.

"Tom" Seymour's War Position.

Colonel Thomas H. Seymour was un-
questionably a better man than Hawley's
hatred of him would indicate. Despite
his opposition to the Civil war he was
no poltroon and no coward. His posi-
tion was as much a matter of conscience
with him as Hawley's was to him. Pos-
sibly it required no less moral courage
to take it, for there was in many quar-
ters a disposition to make an
Ishmaelite of every anti-war man.

Like A. E. Burr, Seymour did not be-
lieve in disunion, or in slavery. He did
believe that even under the great provo-
cation of secession and actual attack
greater efforts should have been made
to compose the controversy without
fratricidal war.

In the middle of 1862 a meeting to
arouse enthusiasm for the support of
the war took place in Hartford and
Colonel Seymour's name was published,
in his absence from town, as one of
the sponsors of the gathering. His cour-
age is shown by the fact that he braved
the war spirit of the day, upon his re-
turn, and sent a letter to The Times
in which he said that his name had
been used without his consent and that
had he been in Hartford he would not
have been a sponsor for the meeting,
nor would he have attended it because
he did not sympathize with its purposes.
He then went on to recite his theories
as to the manner in which efforts
should have been exerted to save the
Union without resort to Civil war. The
letter was used repeatedly by Seymour's
supporters in the campaign of 1863.

Seymour had declared that he would
"rather be known in history as the firm
and consistent opponent of the war than
wear the diadem of a king." His atti-
tude was consistent with that declara-
tion.

Hawley, of course, believed there could
be no compromise with secession and
rebellion. To him a position like Sey-
mour's was plain treason, nothing else.

Yet Seymour, despite war hatreds was
a man of standing in the community.
Even in the war period one of the
Masonic bodies elected him to its high-
est position. He was long a distin-
guished citizen of the state, in congress,
1843-45; governor, 1850-53 and when
General McClellan was nominated for
the presidency by the democrats at Chi-
cago in 1864, Seymour was put forward
for the nomination by an Ohio delegate
and received 23½ votes. Seymour him-
self was a military man and bore the
title of colonel. He had served with dis-
tinction in the Mexican war and when
he finished his term as governor he was
publicly presented a sword by admiring
citizens.

(Continued To-morrow)

waiting for that money. It was usu-
ally late that night and the young-
sters waited until 5:30 p. m. for the car
home.

Is this humane for our little ones?
We have been promised relief for the
past two years and have waited and
hoped, while our little ones have suf-
fered.

Selectmen have come and selectmen
have gone, but Farmington's school sys-
tem goes on forever. The other dis-
tricts have bus service and even Union-
ville has better trolley service than the
children of the First district.

FAIR PLAY.
Farmington, Dec. 5.

Farther and Further.
To the Editor of The Times:

Mr. Latimer's column in The Times
is always enjoyable. He has a dry hu-
mor that is delightful. But in his col-
umn on December 13 he refers to a
controversy over the meaning of the
words "farther" and "further," and
that with the difference that one is
spelled with an "a" and the other with
a "u" the meaning of both is the same,
namely, that of distance. We find that
Mr. Webster agrees with him, but we
do not agree with Mr. Webster, even
though we visualize the smile of our
readers at that statement. And our first
and only witness will be Mr. Webster
himself to prove, out of his own words,
that he is wrong. Farther has only
one meaning and no more. It refers
to distance only and is used in no other
connection. It is used in the positive,
comparative and superlative degrees.
How far is it to New Haven? Springfield
is farther north than Windsor. The
farthest city in the world, north, is
Hammerfest, Norway. Always distance,
nothing more.

"Further" and "furthest" are also
used in connection with distance and
have no business to be used with that
meaning. Further means more or in-
crease. I will have nothing further,
nothing more, to do with you. Further
resistance, more resistance, was impos-
sible and the enemy retreated three
miles farther. Furthermore the de-
ponent sayeth not. We will consider
the case further, meaning more. A fur-
ther reduction in price was decided
upon. And let that meaning only of
further stop right there. But Mr. Web-
ster says No! It includes distance. Very
well. Then we submit to the fairness
of our readers if far is the positive of
farther and farthest then by all the
rules of logic fur ought to be the posi-
tive of further and furthest. But who,
except possibly Uncle Reuben, says how
fur is it to the next town? Fur, fur
"away like bells at evening pealing."
But Mr. Webster doesn't mention the
word "fur" except as the pelt of a tor-
tured, trapped animal that women wear
about their necks on hot July nights.
Why mention fur and not fur? Must
we say far, further, furthest? Who
does? But why not if they all refer
to distance? Words have meanings all
their own and we believe in nice dis-
tinctions. "Further" is overloaded and
should not have a double meaning, es-
pecially when the two meanings are so
far apart. If we are wrong, as we can
hardly expect a rebuttal from Mr. Web-
ster, will some defender kindly point
out wherein we are in error in criticiz-
ing his right to the double meaning of
the word further involving the single
meaning of the word farther? Why not
wipe farther out of the English lan-
guage and be done with it. If further
is quite sufficient why was farther born
to begin with?
J. W. HARPER.
Hartford, Dec. 16.

(As Mr. Latimer was careful to say in
his article, preferred modern usage de-
mands "farther" for distance; "further"
for involution and evolution. If Dr.
Harper will read the subject matter of
the Century dictionary under the re-
spective headings, he will feel there is
scarcely room for heated controversy
regarding the meaning of two words of
identical origin and etymological sig-
nificance in early English speech. Let
us quote Jowett's Thucydides: "They ad-
vanced as far as Eleusis and Thria, but
no further."—Ed.)

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